Giue me my sin againe.
Iuls. Youe kisse bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with you.
Ro. What is her mother?
Nurs. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Ladie, and a wise and vertuous,
I Nurst her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall haue the chincks.
Ro. Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away begon, the sport is at the best.
Ro. I so I feare, the more is my vnrest.
Capu. Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards:
Is it ene so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my rest.
Iuli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond gentleman?
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
Iuli. Whats he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
Iu. Whats he that follows here that wold not dace?
Nur. I know not.
Iuli. Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemie.
Iuli. My onely loue sprung from my onely hate,
Too earlie seene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I must loue a loathed enemie.
Nurs. Whats tis? whats tis

Iu. A rime I learnt euen now
Of one I danst withall.
One calls within Iuliet.
Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.
Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heire,
That faire for which loue gronde for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* match, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and loues againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale loues sweete bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue accesse
To breathe such vowes as louers vse to sweare,
And she as much in loue, her meanes much lesse,
To meete her new beloued any where:
But passion lends them power, time meanes to meete
Tempring extremities with extreeme sweete.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

Ro. Can I go forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth and find thy Center out.

Enter Benuolio *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my Cosen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stolne him ho
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
Mer. Romeo, humours, madman, passion louer,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but on rime and I am satisfied:
Crie but ay me, prouaunt, but loue and day,
Speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname for her purblind sonne and her,